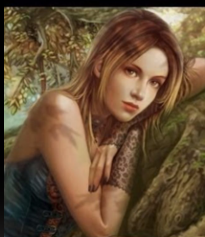




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Middle Earth



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Chapter 1 by Story Wars

A cry. That was the one thing Legolas heard, tears of joy streaming down his face. It was soft and quiet, but the wise Elven prince knew it was the most noticing and beautiful thing he had ever heard. He was proud at that moment, and secure in a secret room below the castle. His wife, Turiel, was sweating and tired, but her face was sweet and smiling. Another elf, Nuiman, stood guard, knowing that Legolas' father, Tranduil, would surely kill the child out of fear and anger of the mother. All the time, the great and fearsome king hated Turiel for her affection towards his son. But now, it was a happy moment. A safe moment. Not for long.

The cry had come from the newly born heir to the throne of the Woodland Realm of Elves, Crias. Handing his daughter to Turiel, Legolas sat up and started walking away. "Where are you going, Legolas?" Turiel asked. Legolas just nodded and left. Gasping and strengthless, Turiel got up, cradling her daughter in her arms. Limping weakly, Nuiman directed her to a nearby boat. The river in which flooded into Laketown was near. In the boat loading supplies, Nuiman held a calming talk with the Queen, while Legolas ran anxiously to the throne room.

"Good evening my son." The king said. Bowing, Legolas began. "Father. I wish to tell you something, in which I ask you not to punish me for." he asked. "Depends, son. What?" Tranduil gave a stern look. "I, I, I have an, an, an heir." Legolas stumbled. Tranduil calmly stood up. "And I

believe I know from who." In the blink of an eye Legolas and Tranduil stood sword to sword,

father to son, in battle in the throne room. Legolas was eager to see the happenings. Turiel scooped up her daughter and ran away. Although aware of deadly events,

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Behind a pillar, Turiel stepped back, watching Legolas and Trandiul fight. Turing, Tranduil looked at Turiel, smirking. Forgetting Legolas and leaping towards Turiel, she ran. Before she could, however, a cut was made she would never forget. Across her arm, blood spilled. Looking down at her daughter, her soft cheek was maroon with blood. Eyes watering, Turiel continued to run, while Legolas stepped in and continued stalling his father. Getting back to the boat, Nuiman lay dead.

Stepping backwards, the loyal elf guard stood dead with an arrow to the head. An elven patrol stood looking at him, and drawing swords at Turiel. Jumping into the boat, Turiel was shot, knived, and threatened at. Scared for her baby and for her life, the current carried her away, and to the elven back gate. Unaware of any fights, the outside guards let her pass away, saying she was heading out to Laketown to deliver "special supplies" to King Bard. This was half-true. Finally reaching the town of the lake after a long night of cries and tending to Crias' scar, Laketown folk let her in. Running to the mighty wooden palace in the middle of the town, she knocked on the door, and Bard himself opened it. "Turiel?" Bard asked. "I need your help." the elf declared. Looking at the bundle she had in her hands, Bard gulped. Nodding, he took Crias, and weeping and cuddling, Turiel left, back to the forest.

13 years later.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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